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ings of others, establish a sense of confidence, which has a beautiful effect upon the French-Hebrew woman, and puts her into closer harmony with our common humanity.

### A CANZONE OF DANTE'S.

Mr. Editor :

At the request of a friend of mine and yours, I send you a translation, which I have lately made for him, of the Canzone which forms the subject of the Third *Trattato* of the *Convito* of Dante,—the celebrated song which he represents himself as hearing from the lips of his old friend, the musician Casella, in the second canto of the Purgatory. After describing the meeting and first salutations, Dante continues (according to Cary)—

"Then I : 'If new law taketh not from thee  
Memory or custom of love-tuned song,  
That, whilom, all my cares had power to 'suaue;  
Please thee therewith a little to console  
My spirit that, encumbered with its frame,  
Travelling so far, of pain is overcome.'  
'Love that discourses in my thoughts,'—he then  
Began in such soft accents, that, within,  
The sweetness thrills me yet."

In the following translation I think I have succeeded in retaining the remarkable uncertainty which Dante lets hang over the transition from the spiritual person of his mistress to that Divine Philosophy, that Supreme Wisdom, of which he regards her as the incarnation, as represented at length, and very curiously, in the fifteen chapters of the *Trattato*. C. T. B.

Love, who, within my mind, to me discourses  
About my lady, oftentimes doth inspire,  
By telling things of her, such warm desire,  
That then the intellect, bewildered, strays.  
His gentle speaking such sweet awe enforces,  
The soul that hears, and feels the tender fire,  
Cries : Leave me, for I never can aspire  
To tell, as thus I hear, my lady's praise !  
And, sure, 'twere meet to spare from my poor phrase,  
If what I hear of her I would declare,  
First, what my intellectual power transcends,  
And what it apprehends,  
In great part, which to speak I should not dare.  
But if my rhymes should not escape defect,  
That venture on the praise of one so rare,  
For this be blamed the feeble intellect,  
And our poor speech, that has not equal worth  
All that which Love says, fitly to set forth.

The sun, that circles all the world with fire,  
Sees naught so fair as in that hour which shines  
Above the part where she, whom in these lines  
Love makes me praise, hath her abiding place.  
All intellects, above, her charms admire ;  
And whoso, here below, enamored pines  
Within his thoughts her image only finds,  
When from his soul Love's peace each cloud doth chase.  
Her being pleases so the Lord of Grace  
That He his virtue still on her doth pour  
In measure, past our nature's asking, free.

Her soul of purity,  
Which of that health receives from Him such store,  
By what she bringeth, gives of Him clear signs ;  
Her beauty on all visible things flows o'er,  
Till e'en the eyes of those 'mid whom she shines  
Summon with speed their hearts' desires to rise,  
That straight take air, and issue forth in sighs.

Virtue divine from God, in her, descends,  
As in the Angel who sees God, to dwell ;  
And what fair lady doubts the thing I tell,  
Let her walk with her, and her acts admire.  
There, where she speaks, from Heaven an Angel bends,  
Who kindles in our souls the faith full well  
How the high worth she has doth far excol  
The uttermost whereto we dare aspire.  
The gracious acts that all behold wrought by her  
Go calling Love with signs no heart mistakes,  
In such a voice that each can feel him stir.  
It may be said of her ;  
Whate'er in her is found becomes her sex ;  
As it resembles her, is Beauty fair :  
And one might say, her very aspect makes  
What seemed miraculous take nature's air.  
Whence to our faith a mighty help is given ;  
So was she formed eternally by Heaven.

Things do appear to us in her aspect,  
That bring the joys of Paradise to sight ;  
In her sweet smile, I say, and eyes of light,  
That charm Love there, as 'twere his proper seat.  
They overmaster all our intellect,  
As the sun's rays a fragile vision smite :  
And as to gaze on her confounds me quite,  
To be content with scanty speech were meet.  
Her beauty rains fine flames of fire so fleet,  
With such a noble spirit animate,  
That all good thoughts to life, enkindled, wake ;  
And, as with thunder, break  
The innate vices that make vile our state.  
Then, let each lady, self-reproached that she  
Her beauty wears not lowly and sedate,  
Behold this pattern of humility,  
That humbleth every proud one and perverse :  
I speak of Her who moves the universe.

My song, thou contradictest, to the ear,  
A sister whom thou hast, it seems to me ;  
For this same lady, made so meek by thee,  
Cold and disdainful she believes, most sure.  
—Thou know'st that Heaven is always bright and clear,  
And, in itself, from all disturbance free ;  
But many a time our eyes are dark, and we  
Then call the stars themselves, sometimes, obscure ;  
So, when she blames for pride this lady pure,  
Not as the truth doth stand, of her she deems,  
But only after that which doth appear ;  
For I was seized with fear,  
And fear so yet, that still to me she seems  
Proud, when I feel her eyes do look my way.  
This, if excuse thou need'st, thy judge shall hear  
And when thou can'st, repair to her and say :  
Madonna, if thou not displeased be,  
In every quarter will I speak of thee.